







# ***THE COLOSSUS AND OTHER POEMS***

***by***

***Akwana Wa Odera***

*The thoughts of a lone wolf*

*A Manuscript written, selected and arranged*

*by Akwana Wa odera*

*For anyone who can read, My ever loving family: my Dad Odera Wafula, my Mom; Inviolata Remulo, and my siblings; Peter Mukunzi, Dora Achero, Emiguard Awinja, Margaret Mwaka and brian Agolla. Also for my late grandma Jerusa Owano.*

**\*A ghost with no reckon...\***

In a world full of people

I feel so alone

I am so withdrawn

From reality, i don't

Know what's real anymore

It's like I'm in the middle

Of a crowd

And I'm drowning

But no one notices as

I'm battling and struggling

To breathe  
Gasping and flapping  
Shouting for help  
But only a squeak comes  
Out  
My screams get trapped  
Within my throat  
I'm tightly strapped  
Not with ropes  
But thoughts  
My mind clouded  
I can't remain afloat.  
I heard them say i should  
Talk.  
That it'll help repair what  
Broke  
But I'm not broke no more  
I'm passed broken  
Like fragments of glass  
I'm shattered beyond repair  
I'm a ghost with no reckon  
My purpose i fail to fathom  
My life just turned to a phantom

Tired and exhausted  
Weary and forsaken  
I can't count how many times  
I've contemplated to die  
I hate hope  
It's the most elusive of all  
Always encouraging  
Only to break me more  
I have no seen wounds  
But I'm always sore  
I didn't ask to grow  
I didn't apply to be born  
I didn't choose to be a bore  
Why then do i always feel so low?  
So alone  
I misspelled the word enthusiasm  
Now I'm no longer enthusiastic  
To enthuse  
But I'm always eager  
To know what tomorrow would hold  
That's what keeps me strong  
Maybe not for long....



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### **Arise and shine**

The sun is up i have to wake  
The earliest bird catches the worn  
I'm early but worn  
I fail to even raise my arm  
I have to beat time  
Maybe attend class,  
Do some work  
Or make an appearance in the offices  
But I'm still in bed struggling with sense,  
I'm safe  
But this feeling is getting intense  
It's like I'm in an impending danger  
Whilst in my bed...  
Today i just don't feel like facing the world  
They'll think I'm mad  
Still contemplating on waking, up  
Time flies  
Thirty minutes are already up

I get my first panic attack  
Just because I've not made up my mind  
If today I'll be walking around.  
Struggling out of bed  
I rush to bathe  
Stripped to my feet  
I Immerse myself in water  
As thoughts in my mind litter  
I wish i could drown in a lake  
I wish i never had to pretend  
I wish i was not fake  
I am a counterfeit of myself  
I'm like kreator, the worn out elf  
A blurred reflection of my better self  
So many cloths thrown on my bed  
I fail to decide on which one to take  
They all seem weird yet i bought them myself  
Forty five minutes out  
I'm still not sure what I'll put on  
I'm hit with a second panic attack  
Time is running out  
And I'm still stagnant  
In my head i do a quick chat

Trying to rush myself, to quickly leave the house

Putting on what at least feels right

Within minutes,

I'm out of my comfort zone into the daylight

As i walk I'm filled with fright

My mind controlling my pulse

I'm not sure if I'm walking right

I start slowing down

In front of me there's a group of guys

I can't surpass them

I'm not sure what they'll say

So i lag behind knowing with this pace

I'm going to be late

Luckily i reach my destination

But I'm alone

There was some miscommunication

No one is around, i wasted my time

I start panicking, I'm sweating

I did not plan for this

I need a place to sit

I need to chill and restart

I get a place, looking confused

I take out my phone

Pretending to be busy  
When I'm actually confronting myself to try and act normal  
Finally making up my mind  
I decide to go back to my house  
Using the quickest shortcuts  
I'm back in no time  
Today wasn't that bad  
I had minimal interaction  
A win on my side  
At least i did not embarrass myself  
The irony my life has led to  
A life I'm always resentful of  
A life based on my anxious self  
A life controlled by anxiety

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**\*Be my fate and I will live up to thee\***

They made an underbid  
When they said love don't cost a thing  
Through thick and thin

My love life has been one best explained

With a grin

With hidden fears

Hoping for a shoulder to lean

I've never been anything close to perfect

But always tried to turn out the best

Among these other trying gents.

I practice to be true

So i never get to pretend

But seriously my true self

Is one you can never get to comprehend.

The thoughts in my head...

The fears, the jitters I've felt

The pains, the regrets

I fear might be the sole reason

If from my path i ever deflect.

So yes i believe I'm a misfit

But loving you has always been

My wish list

Despite my many imperfections

You are my new innovation

A new found escape

Every time my thoughts reset

You are my bliss  
As i get stuck in oblivion  
You are my fill  
Quenching a thirst  
I've always wanted to relieve  
Be my fate  
And I'll live up to thee  
Because you my friend  
Are the reason  
I'm no longer struggling be!

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## **BROKEN**

They say the broken  
Are the most evolved  
They are the strongest  
I've been broken  
Beyond hopeless  
Fights within me  
Possessed  
Oppressed by the demons

In me  
How I'm i the strongest  
When I'm always on  
Crutches  
I'm upset  
I'm repressed  
I'm lost  
I'm a host  
Of so many mess  
Stuck in a closet  
I've been forset  
My solemn slowly  
Turning into a surfeit  
I want to collapse, faint  
I at times yearn death  
Memories far away kept  
My purpose lacking shape

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I felt terrified...

Petrified!

My fears intensified,  
Then without warning  
My body became too hot  
Like i was being fried.  
I start sweating  
Frightened as a child  
I fear to even wipe the sweat out.  
I'm like a tout flouting my  
Embarrassment,  
For judgments to supersede.  
From these shackles i yearn  
To be freed...  
I'm enslaved by my own creed  
With no hopes to witness  
My salvation.  
Isn't treason a serious felony?  
Why then is my mind not in  
Questioning?  
Has it gotten to you too?  
No wonder you seem helpless to  
Intervene!  
I'm locked in my head  
It's a prison let me be...



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### **Broken bird pt. 2**

I understand your say  
The advice is on point  
But let me explain  
I'm held captive here  
With chains shackled  
To my toes  
She's a beauty,  
Ready to unfold  
But a lost broken bird  
With pieces scattered  
All over the floor.  
Beauty with madness  
Characters that can't hold  
Love full of empathy  
Are not the best feelings  
I'm supposed to show

Maybe i love her  
Maybe I'm just imitating  
The pros  
Maybe I'm just wasting  
Her time  
Limiting her mind to grow  
So tell me bro  
How do I perform right  
In this show?

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### **Claustrophobia**

One of my many fears  
It's the fear of closed, tight places.  
So kindly when I'm gone, quit looking for spaces  
You'll just be increasing on expenses  
You know how it goes with funerals nowadays...  
It's unfortunate how we'd rather spend excess  
In favor of the late,  
Instead of helping them out whilst they are well

Those whom we've often forgotten, and rarely check on.

I feel for what they did to that mzee

He always walked bare feet with his family stressing

Hadn't eaten for days, hunger written plainly on his face

Now he's dead

We all bring bread, maize meal and you know the rest....

Anyway, back to the tight spaces

And the goosebumps in closed places,

All i ask is you cremate my remains

Please don't bury me in deep there

Ignite me to ashes instead

Throw it out, let it spread in the air

You could keep some if you may

My dumb ass has always wanted to go places

Those that to glide will get me to places I've never known

Maybe to places I've only been shown

I'll possibly fly, glide through the horizon

Reach far past where my feet have ever step on before.

I do no desire to be put in a box

Who really wants to be alone

That's a feeling i never want to fathom

Especially not when it's forever with my soul.

It's like I'm being staked far away

With a nail on the top and padlock on the lock

Slowly you drag me to the bottom

With ropes holding in motion

Deep down the hole,

All alone I will go till I hit rock bottom

A cover on top, in darkness I'm enclosed.

What if I wake?

Who'll hear my screams then

With my futile struggles

Slowly i lose my breathe

And my body begins to fade

And once again I'm dead.

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### **Come closer**

Come closer, whisper to my ears

Tell me of your hearts desires

Of your hidden fears,

Of the jitters that scare you to tears

Fears that got you socially impaired

I want to know of your darkest enchantments  
Of your coldly enhancements  
About the demons residing within  
And the evils that got you in so deep  
I'm curious of the number of times you sleep  
In search of oblivion in stealth  
Or you too are haunted by insomnia so far reached  
And now you can't sleep?  
Then what of the substance induced  
For this non-lucrative high you seek  
A complete circus, your life is a streak.  
I know they think you are brave, But I can see the you weak  
Twenty four hours a day, seven days a week  
You want to explode from within the torments you've linked  
They say the humble are the meek  
But what if you are humbled by the heaviness of the rules so strict?  
Shit....  
I see you crumbling,  
Faster than a volcano breaking apart rocks tumbling  
With loud eardrum crushing sounds, rumbling...  
I've seen you crying  
Trying to hide so much pain you reside in  
Your eyes tearing

Like a waterfall, your tears cascading

Like your eyes are a water hole

I can't even make a complete comprehensive thesis of this feeling  
you feeling.

It's funny how you can tell of all the faults on the ceiling,

The cracks from the curving made from the peelings

Maybe it isn't funny but I can tell you stare up so keenly

Is it because of the many thoughts moving so freely

In your head, so obnoxious

An impending collision

You sit still just to ease the fusion?

Tell me if the tensions

Feeling of the sound of smashing glass

Shattering as the fragments scatter to the ground

Tell me how you manage to smile

Showing all your teeth

Like a baby whose just from being fed

Tell me of your undying pledge

The pledge to always remain strong

To never tweak or break.

Come closer, whisper to my ears

Tell me of your hearts desires

Of your hidden fears

Of the jitters that scare you to tears.

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**PS**

Dear mum and dad

By now I'm sure you are looking down

Smiling proud

Your son is turning into a fine man

My dream, finally coming through

All i ever wanted also coming too

A bigger milestone I've made

And all that started with a single move

A circle coming to completion

A half pie is never whole

A half glass is not full

My life is incomplete

My half missing piece

Has always been you

Almost past a decade

Since you left

I'm glad to say

I remained myself

Kept my focus straight  
And today I'm being honored  
With a bachelor's title  
My hard work  
And your loving and caring advices  
Have now sealed my fate

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Felt like dying today  
I've just been surviving these days  
But still anxious to see what  
Tomorrow holds  
As the day unfolds  
I fail to understand my course  
How i wish i was a rose  
Just to know how it feels  
To be adored and loved  
Even if it's just for a while  
Even though the rose often wilts  
It once felt wanted at least



I envy the molds and yeast  
Always pissed and despised  
But had a fair share  
On crumbs of wheat  
Sometimes i just sit  
Painfully staring at my wrist  
I want to, but fear  
To let them bleed out  
I am a misfit  
The piece of shit  
My life is a cliff  
How do i shift  
When I'm always blocked by reefs  
I'm holding on to a small leaf  
My position is at a balance  
I fear i might fall deep  
Never to see the surface again

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**\*Good deeds are never leads.!\***

I'm told its written in the man up stair's book  
A camel could pass through a needle hole  
Than a rich man to seeing heaven...  
But how many are believed to have entered  
If not more than seven?  
I wonder if it's true with the souls  
The good die young I'm told  
Do they?  
Or they're captured and put on hold  
What's your say?  
Or you think this is play?  
I'll paraphrase.  
How many times have you got all you wanted with less pain?  
How many times have you discarded something just because it  
stained?  
Or left your room with the bed neatly laid?  
Maybe I'll give you a pass on laid and bed  
I'm a character performing live in that show  
On the first sunlight  
For crying out loud,  
Why do we applaud  
When it's our rights they try to fraud?  
And prevent ourselves when they start acquiring fame  
The Swahili have a saying,

If you want to bend a tree stem

Do it whilst it's still wet...

Or is it fish...?

I think I'm messed.!

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Hold my hand right

The sentiments I've felt

Could easily flip a moving ship

To subside

The many decisions i was meant to decide

So many fallouts that resulted from incites

To be in light

I was referred to the word

A sheet full of write

And verses to recite

But with each complete chapter

I didn't get my longing desires

So if roses are red

Does that mean those

With the pigment red

Are the better species?  
For violets it's true  
Reason i scold the clouds  
Just to witness the sky  
Lining in blue  
Lilies are white  
Never heard them spread that word  
But still daisies are my favorite  
With characters of simplicity  
With elegance  
A perfect representation of me

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Petrified!  
My fears intensified,  
Then without warning  
My body became too hot  
Like i was being fried.  
I start sweating  
Frightened as a child

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I sat to write a poem

Took my time to write in prose

With pen on paper i scribbled my thoughts  
Memories of forever, all felt so close.

I wrote in past tense these poems  
I jotted of the present mainly in prose  
Of the fights succumbed in my thoughts  
Of the love and laughter all feeling so close

I felt empowered writing these poems  
I made a collection of my writings in prose  
A little relieved from the clashing of my thoughts  
I saw them reading them, it felt so close

I posted some of my best written poems  
They started relating to my writing in prose  
Some even embraced me and my messed up thoughts  
I got greedy to publishing more just to have them close

So I'm still writing my poems  
My style still the same aligning them in prose  
I feel free expressing my thoughts  
I feel free feeling me close

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I sit down and wonder  
Of when my poems will not be of dismay  
But of laughter and relief  
Of joy and uncontrollable bliss  
Of charisma and positivity  
Of hope and reliability.  
Life is a feeling in itself  
Full of perception I've invent  
My thoughts and imagination  
A clear reflection  
Of a society I've have beget.  
I can never really tell when the earth was formed  
Or the number of people who've been here before  
Centuries after centuries,  
Societies have been cloned  
With millions of generations  
Getting to be born  
So if change is inevitable,  
Why I'm i still stuck  
Stuck in the ways of the past

Clinging on to these memories

I've always despised?

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**I envy the sun**

I watched the sun rise

Then turned out to watch it

Set down the skies

I took a peek at the moon

It came out at night

I watched it glitter in the dark

Two supernatural features

That fails to control their futures

The moon and the sun

Are just couples that never touch?

It has nothing to do with distance

But the timing they feature

The timing is always wrong

Just when the sun's much worn



The moon still takes too long  
The sun's brightness has never  
Turned her on  
Love at a glance  
Your and i started with smiles  
You promised with me you'll run miles  
Damn, all you did was run me dry  
I'm wiping no tears in my eyes  
I promised myself for you I'll never cry  
But why...?  
You were never satisfied?  
Yet i promised you all my life?  
I always sensed circus in your cries  
Crocodile tears and your lies  
I'm a fool,  
I fell for a fox  
Leading her straight to my hen house  
Falling in love is just but a gamble  
You never know when you are tossing the wrong dice  
My heart was the price  
Fragile as it was  
You still smashed it to the ground  
With pieces scattered around

I'm not sure if I'll mend it right  
I for one envy the sun  
His patience never runs out  
Always hoping to meet the moon  
Every time its sets down

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### **I'm 25...**

At the age of 25  
Life has led me to an early  
Retirement  
Reasoning has become a requirement  
Thoughts in my head are a  
Permanent placement  
With a hundred percent lack  
In interest.  
How i wish i could protest  
I need a bigger safe just for  
My thoughts to invest  
The thrusts i feel within my

## Chest

Sometimes gets me wondering

If this breathing is a test

Every time i clench my fist

Just to release the anger and

The pain down to my wrists

Why I'm i always pissed?

It's like my behavioral

Are always fix,

And with a turn on the switch

My true characters lift...

My actions unpredictable

My movements are swift

My mouth shut

I don't want to speak

I'm mad and my breathing

Paces are quick

I'm left consoling myself

Maybe I'm sick

Maybe it's life

Constantly playing tricks

Day after day

I'm facing the same

Occurrences,  
My timetable is fixed  
A shrink asked me to put  
Down a list  
He wanted to root out the weed  
For my sake  
He wanted to help  
But he forgot to burn the seeds  
So I'm still stuck in my hell  
With 25 clocking my cell.

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I'm i a poet  
I ask myself  
Or i just write  
To express something  
I've felt?  
We so many of late  
Poets i ment  
Many I've met  
Some their pieces

I've read  
Some are lost  
Others left  
But within this space  
I fail to categorize  
My place.  
I'm i a poet  
I ask myself  
Of late my pieces  
Have been of feelings  
And fate  
But isn't that what poets  
Do when writing their specs?  
Expressing their desires  
And the mixed emotions  
They have felt  
Maybe a cry for help  
Or a struggle to defeat  
They intend...  
But still in this space  
I fail to categorize  
My place.  
I'm i a poet

I ask myself  
I heard poets use  
Metaphors and  
Similes just  
To hide their say  
Or rhetoric questions  
Leaving their readers  
Mouth agape  
With thoughts at standstill  
Wondering what they ment  
But still in this space  
I fail to categorize  
My place.  
Maybe I'm a poet  
But I'm done asking  
Myself  
I know i write my thoughts  
And my says  
My feelings too  
Though at times  
I put them at bay  
The happenings of yesterday  
And what the world

Has shown me today,  
So maybe I'm a poet  
Or an invention  
I've created for myself  
Reason in this space  
I won't categorize  
My place.

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I'm told today corruption  
Is a household name  
In the streets you mention ten  
Names of the corrupt  
And they'll look at you like  
You are not sane enough.  
I'm told today corruption  
Is a common name  
You mention it twice  
And the streets will be like  
'Whatever man'  
Tu amue tugawane Kenya

In equal shares  
Kila mtu aende na what is there's  
So that we we'll no longer have to

Point fingers  
When money is lost  
Or loan huge figures  
Regardless of the costs.

Skuizi politicians ndo wana bet  
But not with these betting agencies  
Masufferer wameeka fixtures set  
Hoping to win a million in one day.

But betting on us citizens  
To give them a seat  
And win a billion  
In nine days.

Ati atanipa shilingi fifty  
Ni mweke kwa io seat  
Na ju sina kiti personal  
Ya kukaa nki raise my feet  
Naona ni heri nichukue fifty  
Nitafulite sehemu ni feast.

To me it's a win win  
I got him a seat



He got me a fifty shilling sheet.

But to him, it's a win loss.

He bought the seat

With a fifty shilling

Now he's making billions

Ment to fix my ceiling.

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**\*Just another day in my village town\***

Kick start

I push myself to start

Blink twice

Draw the curtains aside

Like golden spears

Penetrating my windows

I let the sunlight

Hit my eyes

Just to acknowledge the fact

That it's already dawn

I need to wake up

And feel the earth  
Just to appreciate  
That I'm feeling alive.  
The chirping of the birds  
A natural melody  
That never get hyped  
The smell of fresh dung  
The dew on the grass  
Shining, in sparkling light  
As the sun rays hit the ground  
The morning cold  
Making me shiver a bit  
As i try to see through  
The fading fog  
The white rising smoke  
Of burning firewood  
From neighbor's kitchens  
The laughing and energetic  
Sounds of little children  
As mothers prepare  
Some something to feed them  
The sizzling sounds  
Of steaming kettles

The scrubbing and rubbing  
Of yesterday's utensils  
The smell of cooking breakfast  
The day has started  
The whole village's a woken  
I yawn and smile  
It's just another day  
In my village town.

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**\*Life is just but a game of cards\***

In this life you either  
The hunter or the hunted  
There's no in between  
You either survive  
Or fade away.  
Curious how he managed  
To be perfect in his creation  
One gets to camouflage and  
Get a way

My grandma always said  
This world is never safe  
The food chain is always set  
You are either at the top  
Or at the bottom with an  
Already sealed fate  
Life is just but a game of cards  
Play them right  
Maybe you'll live to see  
Another day's light  
Adjusting like a bandwidth  
Maneuvering through the night  
Hidden in plain sight  
Only seen when it's right  
One wrong move  
You'll regret for the rest of your life  
Play your cards wrong  
And you cease to be known  
Everybody fighting for titles  
Armed to the teeth  
This fight is fatal  
To make them listen  
You can never use gentle

I wonder what will be left  
When the dust settles  
I fail to differentiate between  
Whispers and the whistling of  
Steaming kettles  
Stop anticipating for a third world war  
We are already fighting with questions  
This world was never my haven  
Being safe is not an option

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**Listen.**

All my life,  
I've been one who listens  
Listening to their tales  
Of achievements and heart felts  
Their laughter and cries  
Of life and it's heartbreaks  
Of the weather changes  
From clouds to scorching sun rays.  
So i think,

To me too they should listen  
Of the over flowing thoughts  
And these compiled images.  
As they speak, i listen  
When i write  
Will they read them?  
These stories in my head  
Made of characters  
I tend to invent.  
Short stories with intent  
Long stories of how i pretend  
Damn!  
Maybe i should not  
They'll never relate  
Our life's experiences  
Maybe will never be the same  
So i hold in my breath  
As my shaky hands reflect  
Of my torments intense  
And my heartbeats quick race  
Mmmh,  
You don't want me telling  
About my face

It's already covered in sweat  
The expressions it portrays  
I'm already betrayed.  
How do i even try to  
Explain my self  
When I'm already panicking  
With unrest  
With my mouth agape  
Fumbling with words to say  
I'm choking, my throat is tight  
With words stuck in my chest  
I look to the right  
Then steal glances to my left  
Hoping they never get to notice  
How I'm struggling  
To cover my mess  
All i wanted was them to listen  
To the many tales in my head  
But how do i start  
When there's nothing to say!

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## **Love is for the birds**

Love is for the birds  
My grandfather always told me  
Every time I ran to him  
With my heart broken  
Why do you keep wasting  
All your precious time son  
Just to end up hurt broken  
And lonely?  
You're too you to let them  
Turn your heart coldly  
Ignoring the old man  
I ended right back to him  
With the same story  
Too much of worry  
And feeling sorry  
For my self  
Is it my game?  
I'm i too obvious  
So i get an 'L'  
Because my skills are lame



But i just recently met one with a flow

Almost the same

It's not my appearance

I'm positive I'm sane

But then grandpa,

Tell my why they ran

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@the\_real\_akwana

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**\*My at most delight!\***

Smile so bright,

She's an angel in the light

My at most delight

Twinkle twinkle little star

Sometimes i think

She came from far

Maybe another galaxy

Past the skies.

Show me how to fly

I need to reach

The highest peak

When loving my girl.  
Dancing to the tunes  
Of her heart beat,  
A perfect orchestra  
When her eyes blink.  
Her eyes big  
When i look into them  
I dive in  
Getting lost in them,  
I sink deep,  
An abyss  
Full of bliss.  
To say the least  
She's the pivot I'm the beam  
This girl with a smile  
So bright  
My angel, my light  
My at most delight!

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**\*My flow, my style, my poetry till i die\***

I heard you are a shitty writer...

Ooh I'm glad

So my name you've heard

I'm having a show in two

Weeks' time

I might just send you a card

These shitty critics

Always ready to criticize my style

I've managed to move a mile

Say all you have to say

As long as it doesn't cost me

A dime

I'm not threatening,

I'm just giving you my word

Get the fuck outta my work

Or I'll mix you with sand

Poetry is my world,

A canvas i get to paint as i want

So when i pass and you chant

I pity you wondering when

You'll get yourself a life

Akwana Wa Odera is my name

One I've always struggled  
To curve  
With endless perseverance  
To achieve my self-preservation  
My goal is to be one of the greatest  
With poetry being my path  
I write for the Meek  
And to showcase the life  
I've lived in the past  
I write for the present  
Just to prove to the world  
That I'm here and I'm alive  
I write for the future  
Hoping for the best to come  
I write for me  
Me myself and i  
My ink is my pen  
What i write is i who decides  
Let the critics criticize  
My ink they'll never minimize  
They can add a few lies  
But i swear I'll fly past the skies  
My flow, my style

My poetry, till i die?

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### **My wishful dreams**

When it comes to going round the world,

I weep for trees, these stagnant creatures

The moment the seeds touch the earth,

It's cursed,

A curse of a lifetime hunch

Forever forced to stand.

They can only grow taller to never see beyond the horizon

Unless maybe through pollination to see their offspring go beyond the  
plantations

Or it's seeds be dispersed to other places

Just for the trees to feel like they've achieved

That through its seedlings it managed to alternate

It's life phases.

How unfortunate, she all the time keeps reminding me

Of how I'll trip by the looseness of my shoe laces.

But still when she comments on them, I end up making faces.

As i run out in haste.

I want to roam the world, feel the earth as i get embedded in diversity.

I wish my dreams to land and as i pinch my wrists i realize they are real in time

I want to reach where green is just colorings, and just as the sandstorm brews i let myself feel the wind brush on my cheeks

Absorb the scorching heat as I scoop the dry sand

Watch as it pours through the folds in my hands.

I want to ride a camel, and witness how long it takes before it sets to quench its thirst

I wish to reach the far west,

The stories so intense.

The trumpets and threats

If you're a ninety's pop kid, you'll know what was said.

The west and its pride

And the cries of how ruthlessly they preyed

In my mother's continent they forced themselves to stay.

But still, I want to see their best

Of the historic events

Maybe travel to these places

Just to see for myself

Learn how to french kiss like they say with the French

Or break in the middle of the sentences

Trying to speak in the Spanish accent

I want to know how it feels when they land on my face

The frosty snowflakes,  
As I watch them weightlessly falling from the skies  
I want to dive in the deepest of waters  
Watch the different species of fish swim  
Witness as the sharks unapologetic with contempt cause mayhem  
Distorting the peace in the oceans  
I want to feel the pyramids, crouch and try peeping through the  
crevices  
Just to confirm if the legend of the mummy was a true case  
I want to visit the cape in the south  
And hope for good that fate drinks from my cup  
I yearn to step a foot on the Caribbean islands, talk Jamaican with the  
Rastafarian as the blunt smoke hits my lungs taking my mind to an  
instant flight  
Travel maybe to the Asian side  
China to be exact, in search of my grandmaster to teach me the  
kung-Fu styles.  
I want to even go beyond the unknown, reach the far ends  
undisclosed just to get my name engraved on a stone screaming  
'Akwana was here'  
I want to go from where I am right now, just to refresh the thoughts i  
have,  
Far beyond reasons, deep into oblivion.  
I'm grounded like the trees,  
With their branches swaying from left to right allowing the leaves in  
unison wave their goodbyes,

With the dreams of reaching the furthest of places,  
I'm still stuck in my head all just with a pen and page.

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Pick a tag, tag a man  
Pick a mic speak your mind  
Tic toc tik like Nike it ticks  
List long week, the weekend  
Will kick  
Flow sick mode ink  
I write i think  
My poems released  
Hip hop, hip joint  
Do a dab  
With no music to dance  
I shake i jump  
My head on node  
They think I'm crazy  
A mental clinic they propose.  
Street talk, me i walk  
I stick my nose



I get annoyed  
Humans talk  
Rumors choke  
Quick fire, it's a bush fire  
The whole world will get to know  
Take a sip, my cup on refill  
Weed smoke thick  
My mind mode on think  
Kush and lean  
My eyes heavy i sleep  
Wake up feeling lower than i did  
Tip tip i rub my dick  
I have no feeling  
But fuck her deep  
Trip down  
My memories got lanes  
I duck, i swerve,  
I refrain most of them.  
My minds on lock  
My thoughts undisclosed  
Lay a trap, trap the mouse  
Cut it limbs  
And make it stand.

With no sense of humor  
In humane in human  
Overrated, they are a tumor  
Superbly, the write's in me  
My sun will rise  
My darkness will flee  
My poems on three  
They'll rate them for free  
I sit and wait, hopping to see the day  
They understand my frolic writing spree  
Drip drip like a tap not closed  
Juggle their minds  
While my thoughts unfold  
As i write in prose  
Then share them as poems,  
These are just  
My random thoughts  
With words to match  
The force.

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**\*Pretty little fears\***

I can't run away  
My fears just got to where i stay  
I've always pictured my safe haven  
A simple place where my head could lay  
Only to realize it was nothing close to heaven  
This place i craved  
Found out it wasn't safe no more  
As my fears lay await  
Pretty little fears  
Waiting to scare my self  
Someone once said  
Earth without art is just eh!  
Reason i picture beauty in pain  
My fears  
As harsh as they may be  
They are still pretty to me  
For the real struggle is within  
Tarnishing them would just expose  
An uglier struggling side of me  
One i would never want the world to see  
So every time I'm scared

And fail to conquer my fears

I join them in tears

My pretty little fears

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### **Regret**

That feeling you get

After doing something so intense

It's like a hard game of chess

One foul move becomes your downfall

One you'll regret till the day you fall

I pity thy soul

wonder how much it tries to hold

Until my conscience is sold.

So many things we hold so tight

Never knowing when they'll unfold

A regret is like a storm

Hitting you hard

You are left shivering in the cold

Judgments never delay

Exposing you inside out

Leaving you wondering  
Why you did it in the first place

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Sometimes i feel like this girl i have feelings for  
Doesn't love me as much as i do her,  
Or maybe it's just me thinking too much

Of late I've been the one checking on the other  
Like she only remembers me when her screen lits up with my number  
Or only exists when i pose a question and she has to answer

They say love is an infinite, a countless overall,  
They say love is the key to all, a bliss after all,  
Why then do i stress when i think of this girl i know?

The heart and the mind are two separate organs  
As loving as my heart, i want to be her man  
As thoughtful as my mind, I'm not sure if she's in my zone right now...

Like the tales of the vampires, pick a stake and stake my heart,

Maybe then my heart will dispose and turn to dust  
Turn the power on, electrify and melt my mind  
And maybe then i won't have to think like that

I told her i loved her to the moon, and won't care about the dark  
But, tell me who'll volunteer to bring me back?  
When i suddenly get mesmerized by the stars,  
And she yells she doesn't want me back!

Love is a circus, and I'm not laughing at my jokes that much  
I believed she has the answers, to all the questions I'm thinking of  
right now  
I've always thought her as my light house, but the rooms keep on  
dimming like there'll be a black out anytime.

I skip a beat every time the hall way echo's her feet when she comes  
to me  
But still, tell me this, does she feel how i feel when she looks at me  
Because deep in her eyes i see my reflection and it's like I'm  
disappearing within

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Doesn't love me as much as i do her,  
Or maybe it's just me thinking too much

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Sometimes i just want to be alone  
Not because i despise you  
But because i get so low  
And wouldn't want to affect you  
The other day you said i love you less  
That I'm getting bored like a slow game of chess  
If only you knew you are the reason i resonate  
Refuse to waste  
Away as my thoughts distain  
It's you that rekindles my flame  
On those days that I'm so cold and pale  
You Crack me out of my shell  
And love me until all my pain  
Dissolves and fade away  
How can i ever love you less  
When it's only you in this world  
I try my very best just to impress?

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Speak out if you feel you can  
The demons inside won't let you  
Free if you don't fight.  
But still you don't have to  
For you never can tell  
Who's in to trash you  
My fears are too might  
I can never speak in the light.  
These critics judge too much  
Especially things they can never  
Understand.

My healing doesn't come from within though  
The pressure's still there. making my cell throb.  
My heeling comes from others experiences  
And there innermost secretive wickedness  
Their acceptance to how they were made  
Their strengths and sacrifices  
To beat and defeat the demon within  
My inspiration comes from gestures  
That prove that I'm not alone  
And the realization of my mind that it's ok to feel



My happiness comes from the fact  
That i have people who love and adore  
Me more than i can ever ask for  
My strengths comes from the comfort  
I get from them  
Knowing that i also have to love and care  
For them as they do me.  
My bliss comes from the fact that I'm alive and breathing  
Something I'll never take for granted  
For it's all in my mind, in my head  
And i have the control and power to choose

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**Spree**

Tables turn  
There's no re run  
Like a game of chess  
The king's in check  
The biggest in the lake  
Dropped in the ocean

Is like a piece of steak  
It's no more hide and seek  
They are now hiding to sneak  
Wanting to battle in the streets  
But get hit with sticks  
The tongue can do more than lick  
Like glue I'm here to stick  
Told her i love her  
And sealed it with a kiss  
Rubbed her fluffy cheeks  
Watched her eyes widen  
As she freaked.  
I'm the best in the game  
I'm the one on the frame  
With the first in my name  
With competence to fame  
They dissed my flow  
So i wrote one of the same  
They criticized my show  
So i did magic with the pen  
Sometimes I'm slow  
They think it's because of shame  
But within my poetry grows

And i think they are lame.  
A student of my own  
A teacher of some more  
A poet on the go  
With too much poetry bestowed  
A lesson furthermore  
To the critics who keep scores  
A legend has been born  
A star whose light cannot  
Be withhold  
A poet of my own  
And poetry with a course.

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**\*The king is me...\***

As happy as a king

They say...

In my own rights

It can be a thing too

You know,

Me being a king  
On my own seat  
With raised feet  
A king in my own sense  
With no pleasure to rule  
The world  
A king of my own place  
I do and please my wants  
A king not for fame  
But just me being the same  
A king with taste  
I mean music art and chess  
One with a humble face  
A racing heart and  
A curious reasoning mind  
A king of my own kind  
A king with a sound mind  
A king of me  
The king is me

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## **Where's my wakeup call**

They say i am a man

But i I'm only human

Yes i am a man but

Still

I am only human.

I tell you

I am writhing in pain

My, limbs both shackled in chains,

I thought I'd celebrate

When society furnishes my name

Instead I'm filled with rage

And vengeance in my head

Society tricked me

Now I'm paying my debts

In regrets and pain

Society branded me a stain

A stranger in my own lane

Added to the most wanted

With a bounty on my head

If I'm gone

From their hearts I'll fade

Just a lingering memory  
Of a leaf that took long to fall  
Or that stench that no longer stales  
My name will no longer be called  
I'm like that fold that never gets  
To be unfold  
Just because society tricked me  
In to thinking i was fighting for my sake  
It's funny and ironical  
To swim across the ocean  
Only to drown in a lake  
Somebody call i need to wake  
I've waited for so long  
Hoping to hear my wakeup call  
I'm tired of the empty threats  
On my soul  
Knowing my fate  
Has always been my goal  
Amidst a life that sees no  
Foul!

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They say I'm not African enough  
That my ways cannot be described by the rest  
And those that took themselves to be the best  
Pan Africanist of this race  
With distaste, told me I was not like them.  
I'm i an insult to the race? Something i wondered alas!  
I really don't understand these men  
Don't they remember from where we came?  
The days before the 'pale skins like ghosts' spread?  
But wait,  
They did not tell from where they stem  
Let alone their roots, these wannabe demigod of African men.

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**\*This girl i met...in my head\***

All my life

My urges have been controlled by lust  
You could say i was a player if you must

But it's my private affairs,

No need to put it out

But then i met this girl  
Talking of love at first sight  
Shining so bright  
In my heart she was the light  
Some say they had their hearts captured  
In a box and threw away the key,  
Mine was a different thing  
She brought her own lock  
And i swear i never saw the key!  
I believe I was hypnotized  
I'm told love is blind  
For real i couldn't see  
It's like a dream dreamt with no sleep  
She was the anchor to my ship  
Docked far away at sea  
All i saw or heard was she  
I was blown away  
Like pollen grains,  
During pollination,  
I glided through the air  
With no intentions of touching down  
Her voice... Damn that sound  
Charming sweet



Ravishing through my ears  
Like that pleasant soft jazz music  
Every time she speaks  
Or calls out my name  
With her I'm insane  
But its ok  
Because she's a type of perfect  
I'd rather go crazy for  
Her body features  
Always up to date  
No need for updates or body fixtures  
A beauty only seen in pictures  
Petite tall with hips curved  
How could she not be loved?  
This girl i met  
Sad it was all in my head!

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One day I'll sit with you my son  
One day I'll tell you of my life  
That day I'll be open to you my son

I will tell him of my scars  
And the number of times  
This world has let me smile  
My achievements from the past  
And the many harsh experiences  
I had to learn.

My son, i believe there're so many ways  
You and I will never be the same  
First the generation gap, between you and I  
And the system of then  
Which is much different than the one in place  
The slang you'll use too i guess  
But at least in the end, we all just trying to make sense  
Of all this and life itself.

My son,  
Please let us never pretend  
Blood of my blood, you i can never resent  
I know at times you can feel like a disgrace  
But tell me son, what is life without the tests?

Ask me of the number of times  
I got to hug my dad  
If i say even once then to you I'll be lying.

It's an African I'm told  
We have to portray our strengths  
As our manhood is at stake.

The elephants in the room  
Our feelings on preview  
It's ok to hurt,  
To shed a tear, to wail and cry.  
No one is perfect son  
We all get to make mistakes in life  
My arms are always open  
When the world is filled with fright  
They will careless, if you gave in just once.

To make your mark,  
You'll have to fall one too many times  
But on your feet you'll stand  
That's what makes us human at least.

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**\*To vote i will not\***

I think Kenyan politics like love is blind  
And we are just visually impaired beggars  
Waiting to be given crumbs and the leftovers  
As the true 'nation owners'  
Share the bigger pie, with greed and 'honor'  
I get sick every time i get to watch this sequel  
With too much unending repetition  
Impersonation  
Individualization  
With despots ruling the nation.  
We've totally failed as a people  
Always ready to criticize  
But never determined to see through  
Always ready to fight  
When it's us with huge dues  
Protecting our own  
When it's them that get huge!  
Someone told me to vote to eradicate  
The rot  
That through my vote  
Maybe there will be change in the lot  
And the true will get afloat  
But I'll have to disappoint,

In a system this rogue  
To vote i will not!  
No need to confront  
Let me express the systems faults.  
Politicians fighting for supremacy  
The bigwigs protecting their lame legacy  
Whilst people in the north are hunger stricken  
And the system blames the weather for its wickedness  
Corruption levels are beyond explanations  
With money for development disappearing in the boardrooms  
Leaving unemployed Youths struggling to bet on their livelihoods  
In a system this rogue  
To vote i will note  
When the main agenda in Kenyan shows  
Is politics  
And who will get to be the kingpin of all  
When the Chinese are taking over our plots  
Leaving Kenyans at their mercies with no hope  
When it's huge loans that are borrowed  
But no track record or development to show  
And that's just a piece  
Of the iceberg that we've crushed in  
Breaking the system to bits

The system is sick  
But again we are blind  
And not even struggling to see  
I wonder what miracles we'll need  
Just to put the system to speed  
But still  
In a system so rogue  
To vote i will not!

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What are they saying these people from the west  
They come they go they leave us no rest  
What is it that you really quest?  
You people of the west  
That your thirst would quench  
And leave us rest?  
In, you come with presents and grants  
Out you sneak with forbidden treasure and wealth  
Coat it with your names  
Ensure the market prices are raised  
Then you offer us to pay.

When will we ever learn?  
We children of the black soil  
That it is our treasure  
And all our hard toils  
That they come to steal  
And had nothing to do  
With our 'lost' souls!

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**\*Where did we go wrong?\***

She came home  
Still in her school outfits  
She hugged me tight  
With tears rolling down her eyes  
She was filled with fright  
'it happened so fast,  
' This is all i have'  
She mumbled as she cried  
Apparently there had been a strike  
Students burnt down the dormitories

And refused to attend class  
The teachers too afraid  
Were out of sight  
The police had to intervene  
Causing a clash  
With rubber bullets, mallets  
And tear gas  
The police squashed and beat  
The students hard  
With stones, sticks and any tangible object that could be held  
The students retaliated  
Just to piss off the armed blue men  
Thumping of boots  
Shouting and screams  
Bullets fling  
There was circus in school  
The students were sent home  
Suppressed without giving  
Them a chance to talk  
A conflict resolved  
With no interest in the  
Root cause  
Two nights are long



Another school catches  
Fire  
The dormitories are down  
Then you'll hear them ask  
Where have we gone wrong?

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You are lucky  
To have what  
You don't deserve  
Too slow to act  
In a flick of time  
You lose what you had  
It's sad  
But it's life  
We judge with no facts  
Agreeing with unsigned  
Packs  
I wonder what in this  
Society we lack  
Living in a dilemma

Life never fails to criticize  
We are brought up on lies  
Sometimes i wonder why  
They lecture us when  
We eat fries  
You don't have to light the  
Whole room to be bright  
The firefly has its own light  
But has never lit up  
The darkest night  
Out of sight  
Out of mind  
When i get lost in my head  
I close my eyes  
I'm told all my wrongs  
Are documented in a file  
I've been low-key for a while  
Will i ever put on a suit and a tie  
Send me a confidant  
I need to express my pain  
And the number of times i cry  
I never tire looking up  
In the sky

Just mesmerized by how birds  
Spread their wings and glide  
With a tap on the ground  
It's lifted ready to fly  
Breath and stay calm  
It will all be alright...  
I tell myself just to relax  
In attempts to make my stand  
On this world.

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Bonventure Akwana Odera, is a self-proclaimed writer who writes his thoughts in pros and publish them as poems. He lives in Butere western Kenya.



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A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Akwana Wa Odera', written on a light-colored surface.

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